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The Shape of Things

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THIS IS NOT AN ELECTION YEAR, BUT WE may none the less expect the atmosphere of a national political campaign this fall. The opening guns of the campaign without an election have already been fired. In the salvos exchanged between Senator Guffey and the "ingrates" who turned against the New Deal we stand with Guffey—not because we hold gratitude to be a cardinal political virtue but because we see no reason for concealing the Democratic split, which is the result of a basic social cleavage. John L. Lewis took an ironic revenge on the New Dealers who have taunted him for not being able to maintain discipline among his union followers. The Democratic leaders, Lewis declared, must either "restore sufficient party discipline to permit government to function under their guidance" or confess that their party is bankrupt as a genuine progressive vehicle. He was discussing the sabotaging of the wage-hour bill by the House Rules Committee, but his criticism applies to the entire session of Congress. We agree with his challenge to the Democrats, but we do not draw from it the moral that the newspaper writers have drawn. Mr. Lewis does not necessarily mean that he will proceed forthwith to form a third party. He knows better than anyone else in the country that labor political action can go only as fast as trade-union organization goes. What he is doing is what Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to do—build a fire under the less progressive Democrats. The difference is that Mr. Lewis is seeking to build a fire under Mr. Roosevelt as well.

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ANY HOPE THAT JAPAN MAY HAVE HAD OF a quick victory in China has been dissipated by the brilliant Chinese resistance at Shanghai. The crack troops of Chiang Kai-shek have not only withstood ten days of heavy bombardment from Japanese ships but have driven deep into the enemy lines in the Yangtzepoo section of the International Settlement. In contrast to the situation in 1932, when the Nineteenth Route Army fought without support from the air, Chinese planes, though comparatively few in number, have shown definite superiority over the Japanese craft. Even the navy, hitherto regarded as a negligible factor, has exhibited matchless heroism in making repeated torpedo attacks on the Japanese fleet and in blockading the Whangpoo with captured Japanese merchantmen. In North China

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three divisions of Chinese troops are holding off an equal number of Japanese at Nankow Pass, the gateway to Outer Mongolia, while 30,000 Nanking regulars are locked in battle with Japanese troops thirty miles south of Peiping. Though none of these battles, with the exception of that at Nankow, are of great strategic importance, they have been valuable in arousing China to the possibility of resistance. Ultimately it may be assumed that the Chinese will have to fall back both from Shanghai and from the cities of the North and rely on guerrilla tactics to wear down Japan. In a long-drawn-out struggle the Chinese would have every advantage. They would be fighting on their own territory with a vast hinterland upon which to draw, and their simple agrarian economy should suffer far less from the shocks of war than the complex, debt-ridden economy of Japan. The chief danger to China's cause is not so much the Japanese as the fascist elements at Nanking, who would sell out at the first opportunity in order to precipitate themselves into power.

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NO MATTER WHAT WE HEAR FROM BERLIN from now on, we shall refuse to believe that the ultimate has been reached in Nazi gall. Every time that we feel sure, in our simple way, that even Nazis can go no farther, we read some new pronouncement and once more gasp for breath. This time it is Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, chief of the National Socialist Party's foreign section, who delivers the stunning blow. Henceforth, decrees Herr Bohle, all foreign governments must accept Nazi party officials in their respective countries on the same basis as German diplomatic representatives. Instructions have already gone out to German diplomats to attend no official affairs unless invitations have also been extended to the chief of the local section of the National Socialist Party. In short, England and France and the United States must understand that Nazi agents are to receive diplomatic immunity to proceed in comfort and dignity with their espionage and propaganda. Nothing can catch us off guard now. We know with a deadly certainty that in a month or so Herr Hitler will demand a Congressional appropriation for Nazi activities in America—and after that, perhaps, representation in the Roosevelt Cabinet.

*

THE FACT THAT THE MANDATES COMMISSION of the League of Nations has approved, in principle, the attempt to solve the problem of Palestine by partition increases the probability that in the end the British plan will be adopted. Previously the Jewish Agency had authorized negotiation with the British for a partitioning of Palestine and with the Arabs for an "undivided Palestine." But negotiations with the Arabs for a bi-national state are unlikely to get very far in the highly nationalistic atmosphere which has developed in recent months, and there is as little likelihood that the British will make substantial territorial concessions to the Jews. The chance that partition will ultimately be accepted is heightened by the fact that it has been approved by a substantial majority of Zionists. While the Zionist leaders are far from satisfied with the Royal Commission's report in its present form, the majority, under the leadership of Chaim Weizmann, have decided that the possibility of establishing an independent Jewish state offsets, to a considerable degree, the unsatisfactory features of the plan. The new state will be starting under desperate handicaps, and the Jews will need all the stamina they have shown throughout their history to make a go of it.

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THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE EFFORTS of the hatchet gang of the Weirton Steel Company to pry the steel workers away from the C. I. O. will rejoice that the deficit appropriation for the Labor Relations Board has finally come through. The board can now continue with an adequate staff to lay bare employer terrorism wherever it appears, whether at Dearborn, Weirton, Birmingham, or Dallas. The biggest problem it has to face at present is not the gangster terrorism of the employers, however, nor sniping by Congressmen, but the crossfire of the A. F. of L. unions. The present A. F. of L. technique is illustrated by the case of the National Electric Products Company at Ambridge, Pennsylvania. A group of C. I. O. workers form a union, enroll a majority, and threaten a strike unless they are given recognition. The employer stalls them off, hastily signs a contract with a minority group claiming an A. F. of L. charter, and appears before the Labor Board with a plea that he must live up to his agreement. The A. F. of L. union backs him up by getting a court injunction ordering him to comply with the contract. The Labor Board is taking the sensible position in these disputes that when doubt exists whether a contract has a valid majority behind it, an election becomes necessary. But even elections have not succeeded in clearing up the confusion. If the C. I. O. union wins, the next step is for an A. F. of L. union in one of the crafts to declare a boycott on the products that come to them from the C. I. O. unions. This too has happened at Ambridge. It shows to what lengths reactionary unionism will go to split the ranks of labor rather than yield the spoils of office.

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FOR THOSE WILFULLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY misguided persons who see in the Spanish conflict solely a war of "ideologies" there is available at last an effective medicine. It is a film by Joris Ivens, and it is appropriately called "The Spanish Earth." Mr. Ivens's picture is an utterly compelling study of a people struggling to hold the land which a democratic government had after centuries wrested for them from a decayed feudal aristocracy. No cries of "propaganda" can erase the pictures of Spaniards hopefully digging irrigation ditches within earshot of the guns, of men and women eagerly carrying the doors of their houses to the front to reinforce the trenches protecting Madrid, of the calm determination of

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farmers and workers drilling in the villages, patiently learning the manual of arms. Rarely—and then only in the accompanying comment of Ernest Hemingway—is "The Spanish Earth" an overtly provocative film. But it has an obvious and irresistible honesty and a deep, almost tender, sympathy with the Spanish people that is vastly more impressive, more powerful, than any calculated incitement could possibly be. Ivens's camera is everywhere—in the attack on the university clinic, in the no man's land at Arganda bridge, in the ruins of the Duke of Alba's palace, and above all in the fields and on the streets of cities. And as Hemingway says, "Men cannot act before the camera in the presence of death." Friends of Spain who can do nothing else can at least send all their doubting acquaintances to see "The Spanish Earth" and can make an organized fight to have the film shown at local theaters throughout the country.

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A NEW PENSION MOVEMENT, CONSIDERABLY less sensational and a great deal more intelligent than the Townsend plan, appears to be rising swiftly in the Northwest. It all started a few months ago when Howard Costigan, executive secretary of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, suggested over the radio that old-age-pension laws might be liberalized by the pressure of organized pension unions. Immediately Mr. Costigan's office was deluged with mail from disappointed Townsendites, anti-Townsendites, and other seekers after old-age security. The Washington State Old Age Pension Union which emerged from this pile of letters already has 10,000 members in fifty clubs scattered throughout the state. And each club has its own grievance committee prepared to dicker with legislators and state officials. The union's demands are modest and flexible, and there is every reason to suppose it will be successful in forcing a gradually increasing pension scale. Townsend hysteria has worn thin, but the demand for old-age security remains. The W. C. F. is doing a good service in keeping this sentiment from further exploitation at the hands of crackpots like Dr. Townsend and directing it into the main stream of the progressive movement.

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THE SPIRITS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI HAVE been walking on Boston Common ten years after their execution, while politicians of the hour try desperately to keep history in its place. The incident which has split the old controversy wide open once more is the publication of the WPA guidebook to Massachusetts. It was compiled not by any chamber of commerce but by WPA workers on the Federal Writers' Project who apparently have respect for their materials. Charles F. Hurley, legionnaire and Governor of Massachusetts, had already written a handsome preface to it, sight unseen, when it was discovered that the Lawrenceville textile strike, the Boston police strike, and worst of all the execution of a shoemaker and a fish peddler in 1927 had been handled in such a way as to make the Governor exclaim with more heat than originality: "If these men don't like Massachusetts they can go back, etc., etc." The outraged Governor went on to demand that the guidebook be censored and that the men who wrote the offending sections be cut off the federal pay roll. So far Washington has not complied. Meanwhile a group of the defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their execution, has offered to Massachusetts a bronze memorial to the two men which they ask to have "enshrined" on Boston Common. Governor Hurley has said that he has "no jurisdiction" to accept or reject such a memorial. He has not yet learned that he similarly has no jurisdiction over history. Sacco and Vanzetti are already enshrined on Boston Common. For history, like murder, will out.

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THIS WEEK'S INSTALMENT OF ISSUES AND MEN has created in our editorial minds a mildly exhilarating confusion, comparable to the effect of many mugs of musty old ale. We are slowly emerging with the conviction that Mr. Villard considers Justice Black an admirable appointment to the Supreme Court, second in fitness to only one other candidate. We like almost all the qualities Mr. Villard attributes to his favorite, and we are glad that Justice Black—who is our favorite—shares so many of them.

Boycott Japanese Goods!

AS each day brings fresh reports of the desolation and destruction wrought by Japan's invading armies in Shanghai, American public opinion is torn between a natural sympathy for China and a determination to keep out of war at all costs. Large numbers of persons, particularly in the peace organizations, are urging that the Neutrality Act be invoked even though it would operate to the advantage of Japan. Many are also urging the complete evacuation by Americans and American interests of Shanghai, Tsingtao, and the troubled areas of North China. To those unacquainted with the complexities of the Far Eastern situation the case for withdrawal is a plausible one. Our stake in China is comparatively small, and the cost of defending American interests would appear to outweigh the losses involved in wholesale evacuation. Why not, it is argued, withdraw our civilians and military guards and thus minimize the danger of war?

The Nation has no wish to defend either American of other foreign business interests in the Far East. They have probably brought more harm than benefit to the Chinese people. But under present conditions withdrawal would transfer this business not to the Chinese but to the Japanese, and would only serve the interests of the aggressor. Similarly the presence of American missionaries, of questionable value in the long run, may in the present crisis serve as a stabilizing influence in

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their Chinese communities. More important, American withdrawal would certainly be interpreted in both China and Japan as a complete surrender of our rights and obligations under the Nine-Power Treaty.

The attitude of the State Department is reassuring on this point. Secretary Hull shows no signs of surrendering to the dictates of extreme isolationism. In his latest announcement he lets it be known that the department has been in constant consultation with "interested governments" since the outbreak of hostilities in China, and he appeals for an application in the Far East of the principles contained in his peace statement of July 16, which "embraces the principles embodied in many treaties, including the Washington Conference treaties and the Kellogg-Briand Pact of Paris." This is about as clear a stand as we can expect under present circumstances.

In theory the most effective policy for the United States to pursue might seem to be the summoning of the signatories of the Nine-Power pact to consider joint action against Japan. But practically the chances against the success of such a move are even greater than in 1931. The strong pro-Japanese element in the British government would oppose it, and both England and France are too deeply involved in the Spanish controversy to wish to take on new difficulties in the East. Only in case of the most direct interference with European interests would there be a prospect of collective action.

If the powers will not act in their own behalf, they are even less likely to support collective action on moral grounds. The failure of the League to act against Japan in 1931, against Italy in 1935, and against Germany and Italy in the Spanish crisis has induced widespread cynicism regarding the possibility of checking aggression. Each successive crisis has left the international peace mechanism weaker. This time we obviously cannot count either on the League or on national action. We must find a new technique which does not depend upon the support of a timid foreign-office bureaucracy.

Japan is peculiarly dependent on foreign trade for its existence. About one-fifth of its food, five-sixths of its oil, practically all of its rubber, aluminum, zinc, mercury, tin, nickel, and cotton must be obtained from abroad. Its iron-and-steel, machinery, and chemical industries are insufficient for the needs of modern warfare. Its gold reserve is small and its credit extremely shaky. It can obtain the necessities of war only through the export of silk, textiles, and cheap manufactured goods.

It is still possible for the millions who desire peace to bring effective pressure against Japanese aggression. All that is needed is for a substantial number of persons in this country and abroad to declare that they will not support Japan's war in China by purchasing Japanese goods. This boycott should be supplemented if possible by refusal on the part of longshoremen in all countries to handle cargoes destined for or received from Japan. Given proper leadership, it is not too late to develop a non-violent technique for resisting aggression. Governments have failed; it is time for the people to take matters into their own hands.

Congress: An Inquest

THIS has been one of the longest, most rasping, and least productive sessions in the history of Congress. Now that it is over we can say unreservedly that it would have graced the days of Harding or Coolidge. The fact that it came in the second term of a reform administration, after the biggest progressive landslide since the days of Jefferson, only serves to point the irony and to raise the question of what was wrong.

It all started hopefully enough. The President's request, for example, for an extension of his power to make reciprocal trade agreements was treated with good sense. Even his message on governmental reorganization did not stir hysteria. What bogged Congress down was, of course, the Supreme Court proposal. But that was not all. There were the sitdown strikes and the organizing campaigns in automobiles and steel. There was the growing awareness on the part of big business that Mr. Roosevelt had "only just begun to fight," and that he was planning a second New Deal. There was finally, as the result of these three factors, the Democratic Party split. Morale cracked. The session became a Pilgrim's Progress from one slough of despond to another. A deliberative body was turned into a crowd of weary, embittered, and bewildered men.

Hence the pathetically meager record of accomplishment. A wretched housing bill, torn with as many wounds as Caesar's body, and by the hands of its supposed friends; a tax-loophole bill, put through cynically without even the pretense of being read; a coal bill to replace the one outlawed by the Supreme Court; a lump-sum appropriation for relief, viciously slashed and containing a senseless and inhumane provision excluding non-citizens; an inadequate farm-tenancy measure; a shameless sugar-tariff bill; a bill, long needed but hewn down to a minimum, making procedural reforms in the lower federal courts; a bill extending the CCC; a bill repealing the District of Columbia "red rider"; a bill hitting at the consumer by allowing price-fixing by state legislation; and a routine deficiency appropriation bill. That is the positive record—most of the items minor ones and with few exceptions a travesty on what could have been accomplished.

But that doesn't really tell the story. The important part of the record is what Congress did not do. In the two fields of labor and agriculture it muffed the big legislation. It failed to pass or even consider any kind of crop-control legislation. And it failed, through the treachery of the House Rules Committee, to pass a wages-and-hours bill. It failed to enact needed legislation in the field of power. It failed to make the needed revisions in the social-security law and the neutrality law. It failed to pass an anti-lynching bill. It failed to do anything further toward securities control. And it failed, finally, to grapple with the real problem of judicial supremacy.

It would be unfair to make Congress shoulder the whole burden of these sins of omission and commission. The Administration has also been at fault. We wrote in last

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week's issue of its failure to write a crop-control program in time. This past week the most glaring fault was revealed by the passage of the Miller-Tydings price-fixing bill, which was signed by the President (under protest) despite the fact that it conflicts with the Administration's announced program for fighting monopoly. There can be little doubt that the Administration is at cross-purposes on such knotty problems as monopoly, and even more confused and at cross-purposes in the face of rising prices and a coming depression. While saying this emphatically, we wish to make clear at the same time that to accuse the Administration of confusion is not to absolve Congress of its responsibility for sabotage.

In the face of the record of this Congress Mr. Roosevelt's Roanoke Island speech, excellent in its emphasis on the need for genuine democracy, raises more questions than it answers. The President is justified in flaying the tories and the pretended liberals together, and showing them up as opponents of the majority principle and suppressors of the democratic impulse. The President is right in saying that what we need is democracy—and more democracy. But when we look about for the agencies of government through which the majority will is to express itself, we find—Congress. And if the past session of Congress were the test of democratic government, the friends of democracy might well tremble for its future.

As for ourselves, we go the whole way for the democratic principle. For all its mistakes and confusion, we would rather have the Congress which has just ended its session than the benevolent rule of any minority group, whether financial, military, or judicial. One trouble with Congress at present lies in certain features which defeat the democratic will. We see no reason why a Senator should be able to filibuster as long as his strength lasts and hold up necessary legislation, and we feel that the adoption of some form of cloture rule for Senate debate is long overdue. Secondly, the whole committee system under which Congress operates needs overhauling, as Max Lerner's article elsewhere in this issue indicates. A plan for shaking up the committee assignments every two years would infuse new blood into the committee work and keep reactionary minorities from dominating the work of Congress. As a further procedural reform, Congress at its next session should appropriate enough money to support an adequate staff of legislative draftsmen. The few people on the present staff are doing a heroic job, but they are pitiful Davids confronting the Goliaths of the industrial world.

But even procedural reform will not insure us against a repetition of a session like the last one. That can only be certain if the country in next year's Congressional election gives an even clearer mandate than any since 1932 that it means business in the job of building a better society. Mr. Roosevelt is "going to the country" this fall. Labor is preparing for real activity in the local and Congressional elections. Only a strong labor and progressive bloc in Congress in 1938, to swell the ranks of the "Young Turks" in the House and the "Freshmen" in the Senate, can be an adequate answer to the reactionary record of the Congress that has just gone home.

Nazi "Journalism"

TREATING foreign press correspondents as though they were accredited diplomats, subject to government recall and expulsion, has been, except in war time, peculiarly a practice of the totalitarians. It came as something of a shock, therefore, when the staid, precedent-worshiping British Home Office a short time ago requested the speedy departure of three Nazi journalists. The conclusion was as quick as it was inevitable that Herren Crome, Wrede, and van Langen had been engaged in extra-curricular activities. The Home Office was more than reticent on the subject, but now, bit by bit, the story is seeping through.

When Herr von Ribbentrop took over the London duties of the late Ambassador von Hoesch, Nazi activities in England were swiftly coordinated and greatly increased. No fewer than five major Nazi centers were established, all under the general direction of the German Embassy. One of these is located in a fashionable hotel in the Sloane Square district of London and another in Bayswater. All three newspapermen were active members of both circles; van Langen, in fact, is said to have been in charge at Bayswater. The work of these Nazi groups is threefold: supervision of German nationals, particularly refugees, with the idea of choking anti-Nazi activity through intimidation and of stimulating racial solidarity; second, espionage of a political and military nature; and, finally, the distribution of funds from Berlin for the promotion of British fascism.

A curious aspect of the matter is the question of why Britain suddenly felt called upon to act. According to the *Week*, a reputable English periodical, authorities knew what the Nazi agents were up to as long ago as the fall of 1935. Some of their activities were quietly blocked and others were permitted to continue because of effective pressure exerted by influential reactionaries in behalf of "Anglo-German friendship."

All of which lends support to the solution advanced by the editors of the *Week*, who find in the subsidies the key to the problem. Pressure for the expulsions, that outspoken journal reports, came from "a number of Lancashire cotton interests, one big manufacturer, and two bankers, who, themselves backers of fascist organizations in this country, were troubled by the increased subsidization from abroad, which threatened to undermine their hold over the organizations for which they themselves had already dipped deeply into their pockets."

The theory that the British Cabinet was merely protecting the home product may not be correct, though it is more plausible than the thought of the Chamberlain government resorting to direct action in a burst of democratic indignation. Whatever the reason for the expulsions, however, they have served a good purpose. In a vivid flash the affair has revealed how serious and extensive is the work of the Fascist International. The warning of Sloane Square and Bayswater should not be lost on anti-fascists in the United States.

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Committees of Sabotage

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, August 22

CONGRESS in the closing days of the session has been a shambles of mangled bills, forgotten mandates, butchered election promises. But behind-the-scene observers of the party battle here point out that the revolt of the South is not the whole story. It is one item. A second item is the influence of the "rotten-borough" Senators. And a third item is the committee system in Congress. A "rotten borough" in twentieth-century America, as in nineteenth-century England, is a constituency which keeps the same representation although the tide of population growth has passed it by or never reached it. "Rotten-borough Senators" is a phrase which the more ardent New Dealers here are using increasingly to designate men like Wheeler of Montana, O'Mahoney of Wyoming, McCarran of Nevada, and Burke of Nebraska, and to explain their defection from the New Deal. These Senators are, by more than a coincidence, the men whom Senator Guffey read out of the party in his radio speech. And whatever one may think of the hypothesis that equates the underpopulated states with party treason, it is a fact that the Senators who have most gallantly stood by the Administration guns come from the more populous industrial states.

But it is the committee system upon which must fall the chief blame for the complete collapse of the Administration program in the closing days of the session. Given the court plan and the C. I. O. fight, of course, the Democratic split was serious enough. Numerically, however, the Roosevelt forces would still have had a majority in an actual open vote on most of the "Second New Deal" measures. Because of the committee system it was possible for minorities to kill or mangle the important measures before they could even come to a vote.

What happened to the wage-hour bill in committee is of course the most glaring and extreme instance. The bill was passed by the Senate, was reported out favorably by the House Labor Committee, and would certainly have had an overwhelming majority on the floor of the House. But to get to the floor it needed a rule from the Rules Committee. That body, which has always regarded such matters as procedural and has never in the past failed to ease along a measure favored by the majority, now proceeded to take a view on the merits of the bill itself. Of the fourteen members five reactionary Democrats joined with the four gleeful Republicans, and the measure was smothered. The House majority raised a storm, but to no avail. What effect Speaker Bankhead and Majority Leader Rayburn might have had if they had exerted themselves is not clear. Despite their protestations of virtue I could find no one who believed that they made a serious effort in behalf of the bill. The real prize for sabotage, however, should go to Boland of Pennsylvania. The "Young Turks" on the floor of the House, with Maverick and his small group as a spearhead, got up a petition for a caucus call to force the bill out of the Rules Committee. But, according to persistent reports, Boland—who is supposed to be the Democratic Party whip—told the boys that they didn't have to break their necks to attend the caucus. When the meeting was finally held, it fell a few votes short of the number needed for a caucus, although there were enough Democrats loitering in the cloakrooms.

The irony of the whole business is that the Rules Committee, which has proved so despotic a device, was originally established to rid the House of the despotism of speakers like Czar Reed. No less irony will be found in the working of the other committees. The newspapers express surprise at the fate of the major Administration measures. But look at the committee gauntlet they have had to pass. The court bill got a scathing report from the Senate Judiciary Committee—a report which by no means represented the feeling of the Senate at the time. The bill on government reorganization has been exposed in the Senate to the tender tory mercies of the Byrnes-Byrd committee. Every appropriations measure must go through the hands of the indomitable Carter Glass of Virginia; every finance and taxation measure through those of Pat Harrison of Mississippi. It is no secret that the real brains behind the housing bill in the House was young Ellenbogen of Pennsylvania, who represents a Pittsburgh labor constituency: the bill should have been the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. But labor representatives do not get the committee assignments; and Steagall, the committee chairman, after having been first cajoled by having his name put on the bill, put it away in his pocket and called no hearings until two weeks before adjournment. The chairman of the District of Columbia Committee is the cleverest of the reactionaries, Senator King of Utah. The chairman of the important Commerce Committee is the ineffable Senator Copeland of New York.

In the Senate the party leadership picks the committees. In the House the committee on committees is the powerful Ways and Means Committee. In both cases committee members are chosen because they are conservative and safe, and chairmanship goes by seniority. Committee chairmen tend to be specialists in inertia; otherwise they could not have held their seats so long or made so few enemies. The whole committee system puts a premium on silence and mediocrity. If a younger member talks too much, he is smothered in a tenth-rate committee. That is why the "Young Turks," who did such valiant work as a rescue crew for the progressive phases of the legislative program, had to do all their work on the floor of the House.

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Without understanding how the committees have sabotaged the majority will of Congress in the past session one does not get the full meaning of Mr. Roosevelt's Roanoke Island speech. Nor does one get the full bitterness of Senator Guffey's radio speech. It is generally understood here that Guffey's speech had the approval of the President. The two speeches, taken along with some other signs here, indicate that Mr. Roosevelt will almost certainly carry his case to the country this fall. He will "go to the people," secure in the belief that the Southern insurgents, the rotten-borough Senators, and the committee saboteurs do not represent the will of the people. One of his purposes will be to stir up "constituency trouble" where it will have the most effect. For that purpose a holiday trip to visit the Boettigers at Seattle, which will involve a swing through the Rocky Mountain states, would seem to be called for, but it is not a certainty. Much of the talk about it has the stamp of propaganda, for the current anti-Roosevelt campaign is concerned with pinning the label of vindictiveness on the President. But the President's own plan is to stay clear of open personal spite and leave vindictiveness to the people. He has been studying history—not only the history of the "lost colony" on Roanoke Island but that of the lost liberal, Woodrow Wilson. He is determined not to repeat any of Wilson's mistakes. Wilson, it will be remembered, went on a Western trip after his return from Europe, stumping the country for a Congress that would support him. He was promptly accused of a bent for autocracy. Roosevelt will not be so specific—and unwise—as to ask for the defeat of particular men. His will be a broad campaign conducted on "educational" lines. He takes great pride in having introduced the country to the Supreme Court. He is now likely to introduce the country to the way in which the majority will has been defeated by minority rule. His most telling arguments will be not the Supreme Court plan but the wage-hour bill and the crop-control program. There can be no doubt that he worked hard to get the wage-hour bill past the Rules Committee blockade. But there can also be no doubt that he is now licking his chops over having a savory issue handed to him by the tories. He can go to the country and point out to the farmers *and* the workers that both crop control and the wage-hour bill have been scuttled by tory minorities. The Roosevelt luck is still there.

How the farmers will respond depends a good deal on what happens to farm prices between now and then. How labor will respond depends a good deal on the plans of Lewis and the Non-Partisan League. But that must be left for another article.

Panic on the Danube

BY M. E. RAVAGE

IT is not solely the lone-hand policy of their Yugoslav ally that is keeping the Czechs awake nights, nor yet the threats and bullyings of Hitler's Germany. Prince Paul and his lieutenant, Stoyadinovitch, as viewed from Prague, are but symptoms—distressing weather signals of the instability, the insecurity, the disorder that afflict this volcanic region of Europe, this region and those to the west and east. Nevertheless, the Czecho-Slovak people and their statesmen carry on with astonishing equanimity. What is the good of being perturbed? The divagations of Belgrade are disquieting, to be sure, and Henlein's forty-two deputies in the Prague Parliament are scarcely reassuring. But if one is to yield to depression, there is enough in the general line-up to give one neurasthenia. Since the remilitarization of the Reich, France has been terrifyingly consistent in retreat. Stresa was the last gasp of Geneva, though the crisis began with Manchuria, and since Ethiopia the League has ceased to be. The "purge" continues in Moscow to undermine the world prestige which the Soviet Union had so recently and so painfully reconquered. The Japanese are invading China proper, and not so much as a remonstrance from anyone. After "sanctions" in East Africa, London invents "non-intervention" in Spain, and France, having swallowed the reoccupation of the Rhineland, not only submits to the fortification of the Pyrenees and the Balearic Isles but accepts the humiliation of having to sponsor the whole plan. After this, whence is help to come to a small or a weak people, however protected by treaties and alliances, if attacked by a big and powerful neighbor?

Oddly enough, both on the surface and beneath, the uneasiness is immeasurably greater in Belgrade (to say nothing of Zagreb) than in Prague. The Prince Regent and the government are all but universally unpopular. Their sudden swing into the orbit of the revisionist powers is approved by no one, least of all by the army. "The Serb army," an officer told me, "is part of the French army; it will revolt if ordered to fight on the side of Germans and Italians. The Little Entente and the alliance with France are not merely rooted in sentiment; they coincide with the very destiny, the very survival of the country. These embracings with Mussolini, these flirtations with Hitler, fly in the face of history and geography. Yugoslavia lies on the road to Bagdad; and if we stand aside when Czecho-Slovakia is assaulted, it will be our turn next. Of course, our people won't let it come to that; and our present rulers know it as well as anyone. But it is precisely the duplicity of the Stoyadinovitch foreign policy that is its worst feature. For it breeds illusions among the war powers and encourages them in their adventures."

The Yugoslavs are no less disturbed by the Regency's

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misrule at home than by its digressions abroad. The dictatorship of King Alexander justified itself by pretending to assure the inner unity of a divided country. Prince Paul aggravates the dictatorship in Serbia—suppression of political parties, censorship of the press, suspension of the right of assembly—but plays the liberal in Croatia. It is a subtle game designed to drive a wedge between the Zagreb and Belgrade wings of the opposition. In fact, the whole policy of Stoyadinovitch and the Regency is to play one section of the country, one creed, against the other—a dangerous game at best and disastrous in a land as divided as Yugoslavia. It is in pursuit of this idea that the government is trying to force upon a people that does not want it a concordat which, as one orthodox bishop told me, gives the Roman church greater privileges than it has in any Catholic country.

In Rumania, if the opposition chiefs are to be believed, there is civil war in the air, and the Jews live under the constant threat of wholesale massacre. The King, when I frankly imparted these rumors to him, pooh-poohed the idea, but he added significantly: "I won't deny that today or tomorrow Rumania may be the scene of very grave events. Whether we like it or not," he added, "the world is being swept by a current of nationalism. It is only comprehensible that this country should be caught in the movement." To which, remembering that there is not a drop of Rumanian blood in His Majesty's body, I could only reply: "I don't know how national these nationalisms may be. But if one may judge by Germany, Italy, and Hungary, they are not monarchical." Chief Codreanu of the Iron Guard (now called "All for the Country") has a charming metaphor for pogroms. He is not, he says, for killing off the Jews. He merely wants "the swamp dried out." The murder of Premier Duca he does not deny. He is proud that his men "executed a traitor."

Still, Codreanu may not have his way. Carol II, who, constitution or no constitution, is boss, is likely to put in his veto. Not that the King has suddenly gone philo-Semitic. He has rather become mistrustful of the Iron Guard. It is common knowledge in Rumania that the monarch and the Liberal (reactionary) Party for a long time fostered the Codreanu "movement" as a counter-influence against the leftist National Peasant Party, the only mass party in Rumania. Grown strong, and therefore finding support abroad, Codreanu bit the hand that had hitherto fed him.* The government and the monarch, for their part, seeing their fledgling escaping, took measures to clip its wings. The subventions and favors stopped abruptly. A royal youth movement has been organized which competes effectively with the Iron Guard, and the authorities "persecute" the fascists in every way.

The finances and the army, chronically disorganized, are at particularly low ebb now. Tatarescu's visit to Prague in March and the King's journey to Paris and London a fortnight ago were not unconnected with these difficulties. The Czechs, who have been equipping their ally for some time, were willing to continue to furnish arms on credit. But in view of certain dubious negotiations between Bucharest and Warsaw, Benes and Hodza required guaranties—one of them, I am told, being unopposed transit in case of war for the Russians across Bukovina, the wedge of Rumanian territory which separates the U.S.S.R. from Czecho-Slovakia. The fact that Carol, who got a cool reception in the French and British capitals, now announces that he will go to Berlin shortly and receive Göring in Bucharest makes me surmise that the monarch did not ratify his premier's commitments. But the Germans have troubles of their own. Their commercial arrangements with the Balkan countries have struck a snag, and their own rearmament program has been greatly handicapped by Britain's cornering of the raw-material supply. Hence their terms are likely to be even less acceptable than the Czechs'.

What makes the Rumanian army problem particularly acute is that, thanks to the exchange of visits between Colonel Beck and King Carol, the Russians have taken umbrage at their royal neighbor's conduct, and have resuscitated the unburied corpse of Bessarabia. The Soviets have never formally recognized the Rumanian annexation of this former Russian province, and the diplomatic correspondence on the subject must have been assuming an exacerbated tone as long ago as last May. For on the eve of Beck's arrival in Bucharest I was ingenuous enough to ask M. Antonescu, the Rumanian foreign minister, a question about Bessarabia. To my astonishment, this cultivated boyar became positively panicky and in an agitated voice cried: "For mercy's sake don't make me say anything on *that* subject, or I shall be forced to disclaim the whole interview."

Before leaving Rumania I should add a word about M. Titulescu. Three separate circumstances seem to have led Carol to drop his pilot, two of them personal, the third political. It appears that Beck and Titulescu could not stand the sight of each other, the Rumanian charging the Pole with being a German agent, the latter accusing the former of having sold himself to the Soviets. The consequence of their hostility was that diplomatic negotiations of great importance made no headway and ran the risk of coming to naught. The King, moreover, was, not without reason, jealous of his foreign minister. To the world Rumania meant not Carol II, but Nicholas Titulescu. It was a slight which no Hohenzollern could long endure. Lastly, I hear, the minister added insult to injury. In his absence—in Geneva, or London, or Paris—the government, with the monarch's approval, would take some action at home which would undo months of delicate diplomatic work. Whereupon Titulescu would lose his temper and shout as he might at a clerk.

The winds of disaster which are sweeping over the Danube Basin afflict not alone the three status quo states but their revisionist neighbors on the other side of the barricade as well. For the changes in the diplomatic (and military) line-up of the last few months have two sides. If Czecho-Slovakia is disquieted by Belgrade's rapprochement with Rome, Hungary is no less disturbed by

* I was told that the Minister of the Interior had recently declared that the Iron Guard and other civil-war parties were financed by Hitler but that documentary proof was not yet available.

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Rome's new friendship with Belgrade. The desertion by Italy of the Stresa front is a subject of worry in France and among her little allies in Central Europe, but Mussolini's alliance with Hitler is giving nightmares to Vienna. When I asked Schuschnigg's right-hand man whether his Chancellor had not left most of his illusions in Rome last May, he replied briefly: "He did not have any when he left Vienna."

It would be comic—if comedy had a place in a drama involving the lives and fortunes of 100,000,000 souls—to hear the comments of leading Hungarians on the subject of the agonizing Little Entente. Mr. Tibor Eckhardt, who is not only the most enlightened and intelligent statesman I had the pleasure of interviewing anywhere in the five countries, but very likely to be the prime minister of his country after the elections this autumn, informed me triumphantly that "the Danube Valley has recovered its equilibrium, for the Little Entente is no longer united." But in the very next breath he added that Hungary, thanks to the economic commitments of Gömbös, is today a feudal outpost, a colony of Germany. And he explained: "The Germans could ruin us in a day; they could provoke the greatest social disorders among our peasantry by the simple device of stopping their pork purchases in our market. And at the same time they cannot or won't pay us when they do buy our produce. Our national bank was recently obliged to refuse payment in paper marks; our financial market was swamped with them. While paying us in their own currency, they dumped our wheat in Amsterdam below cost, so as to obtain gold for themselves, with the consequence that we could no longer sell our produce in Holland."

The Germans have Hungary in the hollow of their hand, to a greater extent than Mr. Eckhardt would admit. It was in Hungary, not in Czecho-Slovakia, that a Nazi putsch was narrowly suppressed last February. And during my sojourn, which coincided with the Miklas-Schuschnigg state visit, a special Hitler agent came down from Berlin to warn Daranyi, on pain of seeing the commercial treaty with Germany denounced, not to enter into any deal with Austria along the lines of Hodza's "enlarged Little Entente."

What I find almost comic is that after sixteen years of hope and effort to disrupt the unity of her foes, Hungary at last sees the day of salvation dawning—and then discovers that it is a false dawn, that she is in the same boat with her foes, and that in the event of shipwreck she is certain to go down with them.

All the five countries are terrified of the morrow. Whatever happens, they seem to be doomed. If Germany and Russia clash, their valley will be what is poetically called the theater of war. But is it so certain that they *will* clash? The Central Europeans have an interpretation of their own of what is happening in Moscow. From Prague to Bucharest everyone will tell you that bolshevism is killing its progenitors so as to bring Russia and Germany to a harmonious level. Yes, they say, Stalin "purges" and Hitler conciliates (with Ludendorff, for instance, the veteran "friend" of a Reich-Soviet alliance) and tomorrow there will be nothing ideological to keep them from joining hands—across the dead body of the Danube Valley. For when and if these two giants iron out their differences it will be the end of Central Europe.

Is there no light in all this gloom? The Danubians see two faint gleams in the distance. One is the rearmament of Great Britain, which if it continues is likely to stop Germany in her tracks. The other is the reawakening of France to her old mission.

Wheeler Faces the Music

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

OVER in the Bitter Root Mountains the North Coast Limited was stopped by a freight derail up ahead. It was impossible to read in the evening dusk as the lights dimmed in the club car, and a bunch of the men got out and strolled back along the right of way to where the brakeman stood with his lantern and torpedoes. Most of the passengers seemed to be either executives and salesmen going West on business or business and professional men who could afford to take their families to see Yellowstone Park on first-class railroad tickets. The delay was a long one and the conversation soon got around to politics. The group started talking about the great service Montana's senior Senator had done the country by leading the opposition to the Supreme Court reform plan. Apparently his deed had saved the Republic. The lean and wiry brakeman listened silently to the discussion. When the locomotive whistled shrilly and the men hurried back to the train, he spat on the roadbed and remarked:

"Well, none of that crowd votes in Montana—but, by golly, I do! And they'll never get me to vote for Wheeler again. I'm through with that guy. The Supreme Court threw out my pension, and that's enough for me. Day after day on this run I listen to those fellows from the East boosting Wheeler. I wonder what Wheeler'd say if I told him I never hear that kind of talk from the people up forward in the coaches, the people who come from Montana."

The statement of the slender brakeman on the Northern Pacific is a pretty shrewd analysis of the political situation that confronts Senator Wheeler in his own state. In the lobby of the Finlen Hotel in Butte the traveling salesmen sit and bestow encomiums on the Montana citizen who, in their opinion, has kept Roosevelt from

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becoming a dictator. In the lobby of the Grand Hotel, which Wheeler himself owns, it is the same story. Each day six transcontinental trains cross Montana's vast expanse of uplands and mountains. From the club cars travelers look out admiringly on the state that has sent Burton Kendall Wheeler to Washington to preserve the American form of government.

In 1940 Wheeler comes up for reelection. The Pullman-car passengers from the East will not be in Montana to vote for him, and neither will the drummers who lounge in the lobbies of the Finlen and Grand hotels. He will have to depend for support largely upon three classes of citizens, all angered by recent decisions of the Supreme Court: (1) farmers, who burned the conservative justices in effigy after the verdict on the AAA; (2) railroad men, who were deprived of their pensions by Justice Roberts's majority opinion in *Railroad Retirement Board* v. *Alton Railroad Company,* and (3) miners, who, although tunneling for copper, regarded the Guffey decision against their fellow-miners in the coal fields as a blow to governmental protection for themselves.

Montana is a state without a middle class worthy of the name. Only six of its towns have more than 10,000 inhabitants. More than three-fourths of the population live on farms or in places of less than 10,000 people. Butte is the sole community that can properly be considered a city, and it is built around the hard-boiled proletarians who mine copper in what they call "the richest hill on earth." These agrarians and workers have formed the bulk of Wheeler's backing in the past. There is no large group of shopkeepers and white-collar employees to whom he can turn for new support in the future. If he is reelected in 1940, it must be mainly with the votes of the people who were devotedly following him when he was a flaming insurgent progressive far out on the left with the elder La Follette and George W. Norris. In area Montana is the third largest state in the country, but it is thirty-ninth in population; nor is there sufficient variety in that population to enable a man to move about freely from one political corral to the other without being lassoed at the polls.

Some of Wheeler's friends and allies say he was genuinely surprised at the reaction in Montana to his militant attack on the court plan. In first opposing the President's bill Wheeler carefully distinguished his position from that of King, Burke, and other outright conservatives. He made it clear he was assailing the proposal as a liberal and as one who still believed in liberalism. And in Washington it undoubtedly appeared as if there might be quite a progressive front against the plan. Norris was cool to it at first. Borah, just reelected as a mild New Dealer, condemned it vigorously. So did Nye, Frazier, and Johnson of California. Bone was not enthusiastic over it. Among Wheeler's adherents are men who maintain that the Senator believed opposition to the court measure might be considered in the same light as the vote to override the President's veto of the bonus. He had no idea, they say, that thousands of his constituents would interpret his stand as an outright break with the New Deal.

Undoubtedly there was a difference in shading between Wheeler's condemnation of the court proposal and the attacks from men like Tydings, Vandenberg, and Copeland. But the mauves and heliotropes of the picture were not discernible to the farmers and miners of Montana. They saw only that Senator Wheeler was against the President. He was in the company of the Liberty League and the National Manufacturers' Association. Mayor Hauswirth of Butte said the Senator had gone over to the du Ponts. The Silver Bow County Labor Council assailed the Supreme Court as a galaxy of corporation lawyers. Both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. indorsed the President's bill. The miners in Silver Bow County, heretofore the citadel of Wheeler's strength, manifested unmistakable sympathy with the court proposal. Wheeler found himself branded a reactionary.

This is the background of what has since become a deep schism between Wheeler and the New Deal forces in Congress. The Senator's friends deprecate the rumors that he has broken with the President because he was not tendered the vice-presidential nomination in 1932, or because he was edged out by Bruce Kemmerer in the dispensing of Montana patronage. They claim that Wheeler had many better opportunities to draw his sword during Roosevelt's first administration, when the President was far less militant than now and when he flirted with the conservatives much more frequently. Many of Wheeler's old supporters insist that he attacked the court plan because he sincerely believed it was perilous to American institutions. They also say that he completely misjudged what the Montana reaction would be, that he never dreamed he would be rebuked by the miners, who had supported him so long. But once he realized what had happened, they explain, he concluded that he had already crossed the Rubicon and moved against other acts of the New Deal.

In his own state Wheeler today is, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. He is bitterly hated by the New Dealers and he is still regarded as too radical to be supported by the conservatives. One newspaper editor I spoke to went into a state of verbal ecstasy over Wheeler's leadership of the anti-court-bill forces but showered imprecations upon him in the next breath for sponsoring a measure to forbid newspaper control over radio stations. Whatever support Wheeler has won in Montana because of his recent behavior is largely of a passive variety. This is not true of the antagonism he has incurred. Miners and railroad men vigorously insist they will never vote for him again. One mine union leader carried around a clipping from the New York *Times* describing a speech by Wheeler before the Maryland Bar Association. "He'll be takin' dinner with the du Ponts next," the union man said. The statement that has lost Wheeler the most ground in Montana was his mawkish observation after the death of Senator Robinson that the President had better drop the court plan lest he appear to be fighting against God. This demagogic remark disgusted many of the Senator's erstwhile supporters and definitely created the impression in Montana that his opposition to the New Deal had moved out

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of the liberal perspective within which he had promised to confine it. The fact that the newspapers are giving him countless columns of publicity has also done him no good with his constituents. To the miners the Butte papers are synonymous with the Anaconda Copper Company, and they suspect anyone who attracts favorable journalistic attention of having A.C.C. leanings.

Roosevelt beat Landon in Montana by a margin of more than 2½ to 1. He carried Silver Bow County nearly 5 to 1. The Republicans never had a chance. If only a portion of this New Deal popularity survives until 1940, Jerry J. O'Connell may replace Wheeler in the Senate. A representative at twenty-eight, O'Connell is the youngest individual in Congress. Besides being a militant New Dealer, he is a champion of the Spanish Loyalists and a defender of the C.I.O. O'Connell also sponsored a Congressional memorial petitioning Governor Merriam of California to pardon Tom Mooney—a popular move in Montana, where year after year the miners have clamored for Mooney's freedom. O'Connell's father died from a combination of silicosis, contracted in the mines, and a wound suffered in a strike, all of which gives young O'Connell a closer bond with the miners than Wheeler ever had. There is little doubt that the chubby, bald-headed, blue-eyed Congressman is rapidly superseding Wheeler as Montana's dominant figure in liberal politics.

Another aspirant to Wheeler's office is youthful Joe Monaghan, a member of the House until last year, when he tried unsuccessfully to run for the Senate against James E. Murray, a middle-of-the-road Democrat. Monaghan dabbles in progressive politics but is far to the right of O'Connell. He was a Townsend enthusiast at the crest of the $200-pension hysteria. Indicative of the change in Wheeler's position in his home state is the fact that although Monaghan entered politics as a confirmed Wheeler adherent, when Wheeler came to Great Falls recently Monaghan challenged him to a debate on the Roosevelt court plan. Wheeler declined.

The elections of 1940 are still three years away, and Wheeler may survive. Since the death of Thomas J. Walsh he has been Montana's only political figure of national prominence and may not be easily dethroned. But Roosevelt is popular in the Rocky Mountains. The price of copper is up and Butte is a boom city again. With the exception of sparsely settled Nevada, the President polled a higher percentage in Montana than in any state outside the South. Administration support is particularly important in Montana right now. The giant Fort Peck Dam is under construction on the Missouri River, and this project involves an enormous amount of patronage. Montana is also one of the fifteen "irrigation states," in which a Senator or Representative in Administration favor generally gets credit for the reclamation projects on which depend the crops of hundreds of farms. And Wheeler is definitely beyond the pale of Administration favor.

In the final analysis, what happens to Wheeler may rest almost entirely with Chief Justice Hughes, who of late has become such an intimate of Montana's senior Senator. If Hughes holds the court on its present course, Wheeler may run the gauntlet of the 1940 campaign unscathed. But, as one mine workers' leader expressed it, if the court again starts to nullify social legislation popular with the farmers and copper miners, then Wheeler had better "find that old law shingle and dust it off right handsome."

Ohio Labor Tries the Ballot

BY DONALD M. POND

THE smug and well-fed gentlemen who sit behind the big desks in the executive offices of Akron's rubber factories and neighboring Canton's steel mills went to work in a decidedly bad humor one day last week. Those rough fellows who actually make the steel and build the tires had been at it again. And this time it gave promise of being even worse than a strike. The unions, flushed with victory in Akron and resentful after the battle against Little Steel in Canton, had had the effrontery to put men in the municipal primaries—and, worse still, these men had actually been nominated!

The bosses, perhaps, had cause for their bad tempers. It is a truism of American politics that municipal government in industrial towns, and with it such important items as control of the police and prosecution agencies, has been dominated for years by the major industries of those towns. The arrival of the New Deal in Washington did little to change their political complexion. Thus the unprecedented mayoralty nomination in Akron of Municipal Judge G. L. (Pat) Patterson, former National Labor Relations Board trial attorney, and in Canton of Darrell D. Smith, hard-hitting C.I.O. worker, may mark the beginning of a new era of labor participation in municipal affairs—an era of returning democracy in local government.

Among the commentators who seem to concur in this view is the *Wall Street Journal,* which on the day of the primary said that the eyes of the nation would be on Akron, where, if Patterson won, organized labor would battle organized industry in the November election. The eyes of the nation saw Patterson, former general counsel for the United Rubber Workers of America, run up a three-to-one lead over his principal opponent in the Democratic primary, an uninspired and utterly "safe" politician who had the support of the party machine until the machine saw what was going to happen.

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It was no accident that such labor candidates as Patterson and Smith ran in Democratic primaries. The Roosevelt record had fired the imagination and won the admiration of much of organized labor in 1936, and it was the labor vote which gave the President his overwhelming majority in this section of Ohio. Nevertheless the convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League of Summit County (Akron), which succeeded in nominating Patterson and a complete slate of union members for the council, made it clear that it was under no illusions about the Democratic Party as such. Most of the delegates realized that if that party is to be really useful to labor and its causes it must be revitalized, must be forced to accept through the primaries labor's own candidates. (Ohio's election laws, incidentally, make it virtually impossible to elect candidates as independents.) Some of the more hopeful, however, talked about the beginnings of a genuine labor party, and it may be that they spoke more truly than they knew.

In Akron labor is in a better position to go on to victory. Canton has shown during the steel strike that it will tolerate vigilantism and will open its arms to law-and-order leagues. Akron, on the other hand, crushed such things quickly when they raised their heads in the Goodyear strike. Judge Patterson, in fact, is a good deal better than an even bet to beat the Republican incumbent, Mayor Lee D. Schroy, in the light of what labor did at the polls here in 1936. And the obliging Schroy is playing into Patterson's hands by turning out his full police force against picket lines.

It is interesting to note that Schroy resorted to such tactics in the Enterprise Manufacturing Company strike after he learned that the Democratic Governor, Martin L. Davey, would use the National Guard gladly and with a magnificent show of "impartiality" to break strikes where police could not break them and local sentiment would not. It is equally interesting to note in passing that Patterson, who, politically speaking, was just a good police judge six months ago, is now being mentioned as a labor candidate to oppose Davey in 1938. In these parts Davey is generally believed to be the Number One man on John L. Lewis's "get" list. Learning no lessons from the past, Schroy's bourbon supporters are circulating the threadbare story that Patterson's election would mean a wholesale exodus of industry from Akron. This one has been pulled so often since the rubber workers started seriously to organize in 1933 that not even the most gullible man on the street now believes it.

In Canton Mayor Seccombe, with an eye to the vigilantes, has decided that the issue is "law and order." He has even gone so far as to shut down temporarily some of Canton's gambling establishments. Labor Candidate Smith, to whose excellent discipline of the workers is attributed the fact that Canton escaped serious violence in the steel strike, asserted that nobody had more respect for law and order than he did, but added that he insisted "on law and order being maintained by the properly constituted authorities and not by prejudiced persons acting with self-assumed authority." Smith also called for "impartial law enforcement against all classes of citizens." That he referred to vigilantes, Republic Steel Corporation thugs, and the corporation's apparently illegal possession of arms was too clear to miss.

To the same sort of strategy in Akron Patterson answered that he would substitute a policy of "human understanding and common sense" in labor disputes for what he characterized as Schroy's "force and fear" policy. But for the most part his reply was implicit in the Non-Partisan League platform on which he was nominated by a convention in which C.I.O. and A.F. of L. adherents worked in complete harmony despite the efforts of some persons to stir up dissension by charging that the Non-Partisan League was the political wing of the C.I.O. and not of all organized labor. The importance of this solidarity and of the willingness of certain liberal and left-wing groups in Akron to work in harmony with the league cannot be overestimated.

The platform to which Patterson is committed starts with recognition of the fact that "the welfare of labor in Summit County is inseparable from the welfare of the community as a whole," and with a bow to the county's farmers and political independents. It calls for passage of a municipal labor-relations law patterned after the Wagner Act—to be assured by electing to the city council the Democratic-Labor candidates running with Patterson. It lays down a program of public services, including housing projects and slum clearance, both of which Akron sorely needs. A "Bill of Rights" guaranteeing freedom of speech, press, and assembly pledges the nominees to allow freedom "to strike and picket without intervention by injunction, soldiers, police, or private thugs." It also pledges them to prohibit the use of tear gas in industrial disputes and to require that all armed guards and "private detectives" be registered.

The league calls further for "representation of the common people on the board of trustees of the municipal tax-supported University of Akron." As matters stand, the board, appointed by the Mayor, is primarily a group of spokesmen for the rubber companies, and the university is efficiently supervised in the interests of something a long way from industrial democracy. Civil service, all but destroyed by Schroy in a hopelessly inefficient police department, is proposed for all city departments. In the same vein, the league promises to economize through coordinating overlapping offices in city and county, to "shift the tax burden where it belongs," and to "collect unpaid taxes from the rich tax-dodgers"—a promise which brought a quick howl of "demagogic appeal" from one of Akron's wealthier publicists.

Money will flow to beat such a program. There will be no end of dirty work at the crossroads. Already Schroy has voiced the pious fear that this may be a "dirty campaign." Reactionary Democrats will bolt to the Republican ranks despite the promises of the two county chairmen that the party will wholeheartedly support Patterson and Smith.

But labor should win in Akron—and it may win in Canton. Even if it loses, however, it will have done valuable pioneering in a field where eventual success seems assured.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE decided upon a very important change in my life. For the first time I am going to become a candidate for a public office with a salary attached to it. There are plenty of precedents for this. Many retired newspapermen have wound up their careers in public office honorably. Of course, I could have done this before. The last time I talked with Joseph P. Tumulty he expressed his regret that I had never let Mr. Wilson appoint me to an embassy or a legation in 1912. But I have always had an old-fashioned belief that an independent journalist owed it to himself never to become beholden to any President or politician for any favor, however merited. Now I am no longer an editor or even a newspaper proprietor, so that it is quite plainly no longer a question of journalistic freedom but only of getting a nice, quiet job with a large salary attached to it for my declining years. But what job?

Now I have it. It came to me like an inspiration when I read of the career of the new associate justice of the Supreme Court, Senator Black. That is a marvelous success story—unprecedented. When before has an aspiring American leaped from a police-court bench to the Supreme Court? True, there were intervening years during which he was a soldier and a practicing attorney and a very valuable Senator, but so far as the courts are concerned the jump was as I have stated it. Well, when I discovered that, my mind was made up. I am now a full-fledged candidate for the next vacancy on the Supreme Court. I shall hire a publicity man at once and begin to line up the Senators and Congressmen I have boosted in the past and demand my *quid pro quo*. Articles calling public attention to the fact that my journalistic career has always been marked by a most judicial tone, especially apparent in my writings, will soon appear. Indeed, the more I think about my qualifications for the Supreme Court—the New Deal Supreme Court—the more I am impressed by my fitness.

Well, here those qualifications are: I have from the first been for the New Deal—in principle 100 per cent. Of course, I have dissented from certain phases; I am against the militaristic aspects of it, for example. But my quarrel has been chiefly with the execution of New Deal policies, the methods adopted, and the administrative and tactical errors and failures. But if I had been on the court since the birth of the New Deal, I should have stood with Justices Cardozo and Brandeis every time. Much is now being made of Justice Black's liberalism, but I can beat him there. I never had anything to do with the Ku Klux Klan except to attack it editorially. I have not opposed the anti-lynching bill but have supported it always—for years. I think no one will deny that I am much more liberal on the Negro question than any Senator from Alabama could possibly be in these days. I think my fitness to represent liberalism on the Supreme Court will hardly be questioned, even by my most vigorous opponents. As for labor, my selection would not be as popular now as it would have been a few weeks ago. Still, there too no one could doubt where my sympathies lie.

As for the Constitution, it is also well known that I favor its amendment, indeed its complete overhauling, by a constitutional convention as permitted by the Constitution. I am in this field a really respectable reformer, for I am for change by time-honored methods and not by dubious short cuts or violence. When it comes to the question of age, it is true that I am considerably older than Senator Black, but my physician tells me that I have a most unusual heart and arteries and that if I take care of myself there is no reason why I should not be as fit at eighty as Justice Brandeis or Justice Holmes at that age. And how could I better take care of my health and insure a hearty old age than by going on the court?

There remain only two considerations, my legal fitness and how I stand with F. D. R. and Jim Farley. As to the first I can surely qualify. For forty years and more I have had to my credit in the Law School of Harvard University a course in criminal law and one in constitutional law, and in the college one in international law. Evidently I must have had an inkling of what fate had in store for me when I made my brilliant record in constitutional law—I can call it brilliant, since everybody else who knew about it is dead. But if there are those who may cavil at this, let me point out that what the New Deal plainly now wants on the Supreme Court is not legal fitness but a forward-looking progressive mind attuned to the needs and popular desires of the hour. Why should we not, in dealing with the Supreme Court, follow a distinguished New Jersey precedent? Its highest court, that of Errors and Appeals, has by law two lay judges who are appointed just because they have had no legal training. Why not frankly adopt this plan for the Supreme Court and thus humanize it? You see, I have absolutely spiked the argument that I have not sufficient legal training.

As for F. D. R. and Jim Farley, it is true that I did not vote for the former either in 1932 or 1936. But, then, perhaps F. D. R. will remember in my favor that I was the first editor ever to send a reporter out with him—when he was running for his first office. As for Jim, well, I got a letter from him the other day—signed in green ink, by gosh—praising one of my articles, so I must be O.K. with him. Now just remember the slogan, please: Villard for the Supreme Court, the Liberal who Never Yields.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ROBINSON: THE IRONIC DISCIPLINE

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

ROBINSON'S poems,* newly and now finally collected, make as little compromise with a reviewer's convenience as the successive long poems of his lifetime did; as little, in fact, as he himself made with the tastes and fashions, vogues and causes that excited the forty years of his literary career. There is little to say about them that has not already been said and accepted, but they prompt, by their unity, sinew, and unaccommodating authority of mode and point of view, a number of necessary reflections on ourselves—the tastes we favor, the styles we demand, and the results we have esteemed in poets during a period whose instability Robinson emphasized by his steady purpose and isolation. There is too little in his work of "growth" or variety to make him a creative force like Yeats or Pound; too little invention to make him a discoverer like Eliot or Auden; too little journalistic tact to give him the popular following of Sandburg or Millay; only a small part of the proverbial Americanism that endears Frost; and of course none of the spasmodic brilliance and sentiment that divide him, as by a polar distance, from the expert sleights and trade tricks of the average talents who outbid him in esteem. What he lost by these defects is obvious. It appears in the low vitality of his language, the reluctant energy of his style, the monotony and repetition of his effects, his shortcomings in focus, contrast, and decision. What he gained is equally apparent. It applies not only to his work as an aesthetic achievement, but to the personality of his mind and to its place in an age.

If he missed the age's heat and intensity, he also missed its abuses; he remained scrupulously aloof from literary politics and their corrupting demands. If he missed the warmth and pressure of living causes, he valued the skeptical detachment that had rescued him from one confused century by applying its corrective to another. The vitality of his language is low because probably, in the philosophical sense, his mind's was, but it was strong in endurance, and that sobriety provided him with one of his surest strategies—the strategy of self-possession and perspective, of patient analysis, of sustained thought; and when he chose to release his full poetic power it arrived with the force of a bold intellectual stroke, with the impact of complete reserves, of verbal intensity, of stored and loaded emphasis. While he will never be read as a poet who seized his truth out of fire and violence, or as an inventor who revolutionized taste and method as some of his symbolist and realist contemporaries did, he will be remembered for the way in which he teamed passion with judgment, sympathy with prudence, and a tough American loyalty with contempt for the abuses that were defiling the American heritage and giving it over to a brutal materialism that not only worsted the fine hopes of his pragmatic grandfathers but drove him personally, by sheer spiritual revulsion, away from the shows and vulgarities of the affluent age around him.

It was reserves like these that piloted Robinson through half a century of dramatic and stupefying circumstances in American life—the somber epilogue to the Civil War, the pillage and wealth that followed it, the prowess of the later war, the follies of prosperity and prohibition, and the collapse that finally came. Contrary to common belief, Robinson wrote about all these matters. The age is in his work. He did not confine himself to the Maine natives who were his *personae*, or to romantic figures from the Arthurian and Renaissance past. The past was always there with its opportunities of vantage; the Maine village was ready to supply its simplifying speech and innocence. But Robinson observed steadily the crises around him and judged what he saw, even when he sacrificed timely appeal or fashionable mannerism in expressing it. He was probably the only member of his American generation who knew what it meant for a poet to confront as bewildering a world as the one that opened its opportunities at the end of the nineteenth century. Stephen Crane's talent was slight and inhibited by irony; Moody's was confused and inflated by traditional influences; Stickney's alone had a subtle sensibility to support its intelligence, and it alone had what Robinson never fully enjoyed—a background of rich aesthetic sympathies and a stimulating contact with French poets—but early death cut short its fulfilment. These men were all temperamental empiricists. Robinson was the only one among them who knew how to sustain that realism by analysis, skepticism, and the long-tested endurance of intellectual honesty and passion. His poems are burdened by all the limitations that made it easy to believe in those years that great poetry would never again be written. He alone seems to have realized that those limitations themselves implied the spirit of an age and demanded a classic embodiment, and he proved to be the one American of his generation who had the humanitarian and the poetic perceptions to make his version of them the classic one.

The present collection is printed without distinction and it does not deserve the designation "complete." It lacks fragments like Fortunatus and Modred, and it does not include the two plays, "Van Zorn" and "The Porcupine." It serves present purposes, however, and supple-

* The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

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mented by Charles Beecher Hogan's recent "Bibliography" (Yale University Press) will stand until a full and definitive edition is some day printed in a style worthy of Robinson's achievement. It also renews the opportunity to scan some of the problems and qualities of Robinson's art. Certain of these have received sufficient emphasis: the character types, the habits of the Maine mind, the psychological superiority of the Arthurian re-creations, the obliquity of vision, the irony of tone, the insistent paradox, and the ruminative evasions. What remains to be determined is the contribution Robinson made to the resources of poetry itself, especially to the kinds in which he specialized. Working in established forms—dramatic monologue and dialogue, descriptive and reflective lyric, narrative, commentary, and elegy—he took as his chief problem the rescue of these from sentimental and rhetorical decadence through a realism at once psychological and verbal, coupled with a subtlety commensurate with the modern critical sensibility. His experiments can only be suggested here.

In style his chief importance appears to lie in what he did to correct the excesses of symbolism and romantic allegory; to bring the intellect back to poetry, shorn of its ponderous and derivative philosophical machinery; and to make subtle and precise distinctions of inference and judgment acceptable among poets. This was an important service, and to emphasize it is to show how mistaken was his friend Moody's ambition, and how instinctively wise was Robinson's. Another corrective element in his work shows in his resistance to the prophetic aims of Whitman. His native strain of pragmatic skepticism was the source of this aversion, but it was as truly prompted by his tragic sense of the folly inherent in the prophetic arrogance of his age and in the "concept of infinity" upon which Americans battened—and by his conviction of the violent results to which such incendiarism would lead. It is not for nothing that defeat and disgrace daunt his conquerors and men of action, while madmen, quietists, and hermits alone appear to have worked out a salvation for themselves. A third element of importance in Robinson's narratives involves his dramatic method and brings him into conjunction with the developments in fiction during his lifetime, with its tendency away from naturalistic documentation and its approach to the abstraction of motive and idea. I believe that the special cast of Robinson's plots and conflicts has not been accurately defined. When it is, a much more intelligent estimate of his style and dramatic properties will be possible, his relation to the experiments of James, Meredith, and Conrad will be apparent, and his contribution to modern dramatic invention will be impressive. These matters deserve attention as much as the ironic humor of his characters, the rich effects of lyric beauty of which he was capable, and the isolated superiority of his role in modern poetry. It is a superiority both honorable and enviable, but it should not be exaggerated to the extent of dividing him too roughly either from the events amid which he lived or from the aesthetic activities and reforms in which he played a far more conspicuous part than is commonly supposed.

BOOKS

"Imitate Him if You Dare"

JONATHAN SWIFT. By Bertram Newman. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHERS of Swift, from his own day to the present, have been all sorts of people: scholars, noble lords, adventuresses, and men of letters. Their subject's scorn, had he lighted on a few of their productions, can be imagined. "Adversaries and friends, apologists and detractors, serious witnesses as well as fantastic liars" have had their turn at dissecting the complex man who all his life was the sworn enemy of sentiment and cant. In the last ten years we have been presented with Swift the complete egoist, by Rossi and Hone; Swift, an inverted Sir James Barrie, by Aldous Huxley; and Swift the rather mythical Irish patriot, by Yeats. Scholarship and a more equable and better-natured general approach are now, according to all indications, about to have their day in dealing with Swift's "mystery."

The present biography is written by a professional biographer "fascinated" by his material. Mr. Newman is by no means, however, one of the romantic critics, execrated by Pons, who seek in Swift only a brilliant series of antitheses (*lumière et ténèbres . . . bassesse et héroïsme . . .*). His respect for Swift is profound, and he even tenders him pity and affection, emotions kept from the author of the fourth book of "Gulliver," and the lover of Stella and Vanessa, by many. He is particularly good on Swift's short, complicated success as a party pleader in London; his later career as the embittered but "smart Dean" of St. Patrick's (who took a practical stand for Ireland against England, and dealt with the poor of his parish in a sensible fashion); his championship of Irish politics ("The Drapier Letters"); his preoccupation with "trifles," after the death of Stella; and his final senility ("not madness"). The diagnosis, made fifty years ago, of Swift's malady as Ménière's disease is here confirmed. And Newman brings out, with much skill, both the native qualities of Swift's mind and the coloring it took over from its age.

Recent discussions have shed a more clinical and detached light over the chronicle of Swift's relations with Stella, Vanessa, and, earlier, Varina (Miss Waring). "It was his trade to deal in mysteries," Bolingbroke said of Swift, and "to live by stealth" was a self-confessed axiom of Swift's life. That it was also a symptom of his spirit's sickness is now becoming increasingly clear. The old explanations of impotence and concealed syphilis are giving place to a more simple and credible explanation drawn from the known facts concerning his psychological reactions from young manhood on. His nature, fundamentally characterized by sincerity, affection, and ambition, was baffled by his defective use of emotion. He wrote, after his mother's death: "I have now lost my last barrier between me and death." But he lived, for most of his life, behind another barrier, this time between him and complete adult life: his neurotic dependence on Stella. He tortured, with the alternate coldness and coyness of the man who will not take upon himself love's responsibilities, the one woman with whom he shared adult passion (and that Vanessa drew him at least into the borders

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of this normal region her letters to him, and his to her, prove). Every generation produces men whose abhorrence of marriage, for purely psychological reasons, is as complete as Swift's. A man of Swift's intensity and intellectual caliber naturally lifts the type to a heroic level and occasions more tragedy than usual.

Swift childishly lacked magnanimity in his hatreds, tended toward avarice and obsessional order, and was thoroughly obsessed by a double attitude (repulsion and fascination) toward filth. But the extraordinary fact that faces us is this: that in spite of his warped, incomplete, and, in some senses, degraded emotional side, he nevertheless presents to us the figure of a whole man, who expended himself nobly and completely. For he was capable of humor and generosity, as well as of hatred and inhumanly bitter rage. If we have any doubts concerning the quality of his heart or mind, we have only to go to his superb prose style. There, as Johnson admitted, "he always understands himself, and his reader always understands him."

A writer who breeds controversy and multiple biographies often suffers the disservice of not being read. Mr. Newman's well-tempered and well-written book should send the reader back to Swift's works and, when it appears, to the definitive edition of his fine but neglected poems. And a glance at Yeats's translation of "the greatest epitaph in history" has its tonic effect.

LOUISE BOGAN

The Apotheosis of Mr. K*a*p*l*a*n

*THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N.* By Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

I HOPE it is not really necessary to explain that Hyman Kaplan is that member of a beginner's class in English for Adults whose exploits have been described in the pages of the *New Yorker*. It was not so very many months ago that he first burst upon a world until then fortunate in not knowing how much it was missing, but he has already become an established institution, and there must be thousands who weekly open their copies of the journal which irregularly chronicles his doings with that dreadful kind of anticipation which is afraid to hope lest disappointment should prove too much to bear. Either the glad cry, "Mr. Kaplan is here again," rings out or, as happens more often than not, the world seems empty, this brave o'erhanging firmament no more than a pestilential congregation of vapors.

Of his creator I know nothing, but I call him a creator rather than a historian because I am confident—whatever rumors to the contrary may be circulating—that H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n is essentially a creation; that nothing so rounded and complete and self-consistent exists in the realm of nature. Perhaps he had an original. Perhaps Nature, after her usual fashion, sketched him roughly out. But it is equally true and as little significant that a Sir John Falstaff once lived or that a man once spent some years alone on the island of Juan Fernandez.

Mr. Kaplan's intellectual and spiritual greatness is many-sided yet integrated. Of course the most obvious aspect of his genius is the sheer daring and the imaginative grandeur of his errors in English. What other mind could hold with confidence that the plural of "table" is "furniture" or that the adjective "good" is compared: "Good, batter, high-cless"? But Mr. Kaplan is much more than merely a man whose ignorance of our language is a creative opportunity. His is a complex character, frightening in its imperturbable solidity. The vague but perpetual smile, the dreadfully ingenious logic, the self-satisfaction which can congratulate itself upon the magnitude of his errors when errors have to be admitted, the benevolence which yields to God-like scorn only when his supremacy is challenged—all these are not only present and consistent but form a whole which sprang into such complete existence when he was first introduced to the public that subsequent instalments of his history have only served to unfold fully what was implicit and inevitable. Indeed, I doubt if it would be possible to explain without recourse to the theories of the *Gestalt* psychology just why each of his characteristics is dependent upon each of the others and at the same time adds to it in such a way as to force upon one the conclusion that here (as in all great personalities) the whole is something more than the sum of the parts and that a uniqueness is emergent.

Even from the examples given above it must be evident that, at their best, Mr. Kaplan's errors are not mere errors. He is grasping an idea and he is pursuing a logic certainly outside of and perhaps above the mere conventions of language. Who can deny that several tables are "furniture"; and if, in the language which he is accustomed to hear, "high-cless" expresses the highest degree of approval, why is it not for him the superlative of "good"—especially in an age which, having in general succumbed to the conception of "frames of reference," is inconsistently attempting to maintain an absolutist theory of language. It is all this which makes Mr. Kaplan so redoubtable an adversary of the patient teacher, Mr. Parkhill. What if Mr. Kaplan, enraptured by Shakespeare and in a state of tragic elevation, is so carried away as to translate "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" into "a tale told by an ijiot, full of funny sounds and phooy"? He had the idea without a doubt. And who can say that the language he used was not, for him, more simple, sensuous, and passionate than the imperfectly comprehended idiom of Shakespeare?

But to return to the question of the sources of Kaplan, of the extent to which he is art rather than nature. I hazard the guess that the creator is really a teacher of English to foreigners and that some of Mr. Kaplan's sallies (perhaps in less perfect form) were actually made by a man of flesh and blood. But I suspect that the perfect whole is more the product of the author's fears, of his nightmares, perhaps, than it is of his observations; that Mr. Kaplan is one of those terrible figures which teachers conjure up, the essence of all that is at once unteachable and unbeatable. Myself when young was more than once haunted in sleep by visions of a classroom rebellion on a scale that few teachers have ever seen realized. Mr. Ross, I suspect, has never had, in real life, more than fleeting glimpses of the Mr. Kaplan who might conceivably some day arise if all that is mysterious and perverse in the minds of those with whom we cannot communicate should be embodied in one bland monster.

The fact that the *New Yorker* sketches (but slightly if at all modified) have now appeared in book form may mean that the saga has reached its end, and one hardly knows what to say. It would be a pity to see Mr. Kaplan decline like the Falstaff of the "Merry Wives." But it is also hard to imagine a world without him. I at least shall feel, not that he has ceased to exist, but that through some calamity I have ceased to hear of the stupendous yet justifiable blunders which he is somewhere still making in obedience to the laws of his being. Mr. Kaplan is hieratic. His mistakes belong to the ages and were made forever because they were never made at all. A

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malapropism is at its feeblest a mere error, and at its best merely a sort of bull. For me at least all really profound and imaginative misuses of language will henceforth be kaplanisms of a more or less accomplished sort.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mental Illness in America

THE MENTALLY ILL IN AMERICA. By Albert Deutsch. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THIS scholarly yet very readable account of the care and treatment of the mentally ill in America since colonial times is welcome after the highly subjective memoirs by recent writers on the subject. In addition to a description of treatment methods and the attitude of physicians and the public toward the mentally sick, it has only one thing else in common with the more "popular" studies in this genre. It carries throughout a certain melioristic or humanitarian tone which can best be expressed in such terms as this: The people do not understand the mentally sick, and since the well must care for the sick this failure increases suffering and delays recovery. Deutsch makes it clear that this ignorance has decreased enormously in the past one hundred and fifty years; and it is significant that, with a single exception, none of the latest accounts of mental illness has endeavored to set forth any horrors of confinement in psychiatric hospitals, but the advantages and benefits. This is in sharp contrast with the epoch-making book of Clifford Beers and other earlier books, and corresponds to the enormous development in the technique, provisions, and attitudes of psychiatric hospitals today over those of thirty, fifty, and a hundred years ago.

Deutsch goes into some detail regarding the mistreatment of the mentally ill in earlier times, and traces the various trends in personalities connected with the metamorphosis into the modern psychiatric hospital. It is rather amusing to recall in this connection that the recommendation that state hospitals raise the wage scale so that a better type of attendant could be attracted to this work was made one hundred and thirty-four years ago (1803) by Benjamin Rush and has been repeated many times since. He also gives appropriate consideration to the personalities, the social trends, and the legal enactments which determined the theories at the various stages in psychiatric development.

The book is well written, well documented, accurate in detail, and avoids the fault of being too long. In the reviewer's opinion, the work of Sigmund Freud and Ernest Southard has been rather slighted in favor of more emphasis upon one or two other psychiatrists less representative. The work of the legal committee of the American Psychiatric Association is quoted without credit or reference, and the work of Lawson Lowrey and David Levy in developing child-guidance clinics is not mentioned. A more fundamental objection is that although in the earlier chapters the importance of private psychiatric hospitals in the development of psychiatry in America is made very clear, they seem to have disappeared from the author's vision in the later chapters, which are concerned entirely with state hospitals. The research work now being carried on by some of the private institutions which he so lauds in the earlier chapters is not mentioned. This tendency to assume that psychiatric treatment is synonymous with state-hospital treatment is a popular fallacy, and it is regrettable that Deutsch should have allowed himself to fall into it.

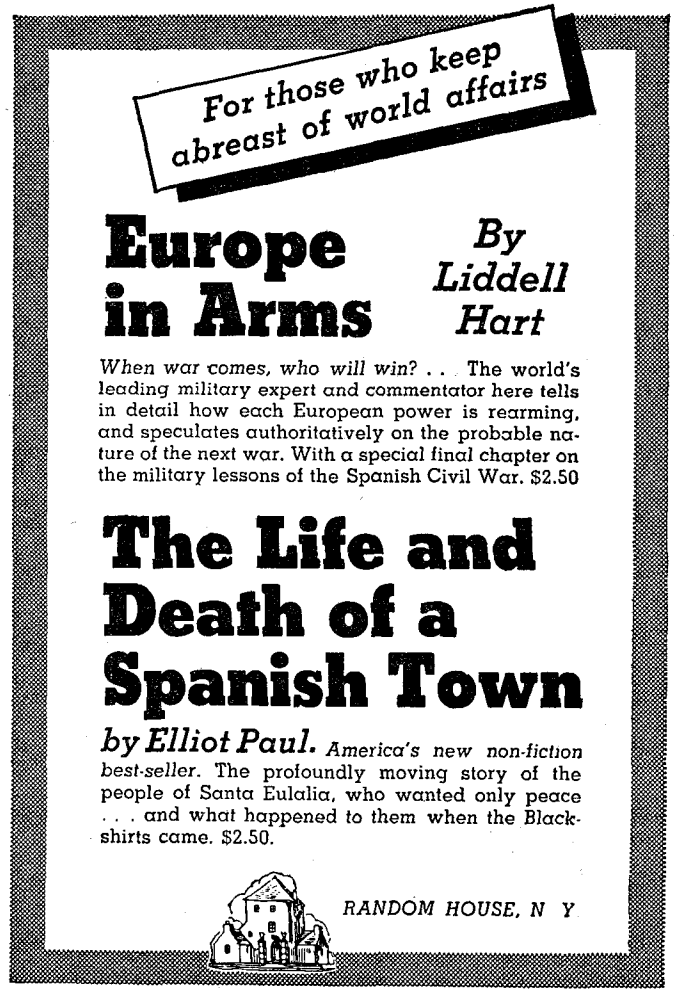
KARL A. MENNINGER

The Cult of Violence

FORCE OR REASON: ISSUES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Hans Kohn. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

THE nineteenth century was dominated by faith in man and reason. It was the right of every man to think for himself and act as his own lawgiver. To be sure, there was no lack in the nineteenth century of philosophies which reminded man that there are still existent within him powerful irrational forces; but rationalism was predominant. Today the cult of reason is challenged by the cult of violence. The darker forces within the human soul have come to be exalted as factors important in the making of history. Reason is reviled, and the technical discoveries of reason are employed for diabolical purposes. Professor Kohn's book cogently describes the conflict between force and reason which dislocates present-day society, its origins in European intellectual history, and its probable implications. He remains, however, an optimist and is unwilling to believe that the breakdown of our civilization is possible. Yet a great civilization—that of the Roman world—broke down during the third century; and there is no certainty that our civilization will not succumb to the onslaughts of new barbarians. I do not say that the believers in reason are fighting a lost battle. I do say that neither the victory of reason nor the victory of force can be taken for granted. The outcome will depend on the stubbornness of the fighters and on unpredictable events over which the human will has no control. And there is no need to believe in victory either in order to start the fight or to persevere in it.

GAETANO SALVEMINI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RANDOM HOUSE, N Y

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Poictesme Back to the Soil

THE SONG OF THE WORLD. By Jean Giono. Translated by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers. The Viking Press. $2.50.

WITH a certain sound of trumpets we are told that Mr. Giono is "one of the giants of modern French letters." It develops that Mr. Giono is a giant who is extremely weary of modern French letters. "The present time disgusts me, even to describe. It is sufficient merely to endure it." The human race, he adds in a distinctive phrase, has been plunged into a horrible mediocrity by "civilization, philosophers, public speakers, and gossips." Mr. Giono has therefore set out to write a story of adventure in which there is to be nothing timely, of those healthy and clean primitive people who alone know the world's joy and sorrow, and in an altogether new setting: new mountains, a new river—"a country, forest, snow, and men all new."

I do not object to this. If by now Rousseau's wooded trail has become a sort of boulevard, the journey is still legitimate—though perhaps the briefer the parting manifesto, the better. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Giono's desire for everything all new should lead only to an incongruous mixture of the old. "The Song of the World" is in reality a highly sophisticated symbolic romance grafted on to the simple saga of the earth. It is a superstructure of cultured fantasy on a base of primal nature. It is rather as if Mr. Cabell were to write a "Growth of the Soil"; it is Poictesme gone earthy.

Between these two regions Mr. Giono's characters waver. Gina, the daughter of formidable Maudru and the occasion of much bloodshed, fire, and death, is simply a replica of many other lovely, acrid, and unhappy literary ladies; she is in fact too reminiscent of the Trojan Helen. Clara, Mr. Giono's blind heroine of the fields, is nevertheless well versed in the technics of civilized romance; she obeys the formalities dutifully. Antonio, Mr. Giono's superman of action, catches pike with his hands, screams like an animal in the joy of health and virility, engages in combat with congers, is a great lover, and participates in other strenuous activities with an appalling ease, yet he is capable of refined, even extreme, sensibilities.

When Mr. Giono is dealing with his setting, however, he attains a power and a reality never felt in his chief characters. In his descriptions of the mountains and forests of the Rebeillard country, of the river as it comes from the mountain gorges, in the scenes dealing with animal life, Mr. Giono's writing is marked with less artifice, more genuine sympathy and contact with his material, and a more convincingly robust feeling for the earth's fertility. One seldom meets, indeed, so many foxes, ducks, pheasant-hens, bitches, eagles, hazel-grouse, owls, stallions, and bulls within the pages of an ordinary novel. When Mr. Giono talks of childbirth all nature seems in labor; when Mr. Giono talks of sickness it is in terms of plague. Yet this fecundity and extravagance are not unsuited to the naturalist, and it is these descriptions and the portraits of countryside characters and customs—tavern scenes, the glittering, snow-bound village days, the rejoicing and ceremonial games of the village people in spring, the tanners, drovers, and grave-diggers—which give the book a lyricism and an interest of regional atmosphere despite the action.

An ability to create atmosphere, however, while it is a necessary part of a writer's equipment, does not make a great novelist. "The Song of the World" is more interesting as an evidence of both Mr. Giono's talent and his deficiencies than for its intrinsic value. Mr. Giono should not allow himself to be misled by the epithets of "elemental," "primitive," "pagan," and "epic" which seem to be thick in the air around him; he should fasten his present powers to the novelist's familiar task of creating characters for his atmosphere, rather than to the contrivance of more adventure stories all new.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Poems in Trench-Mortar Time

AND SPAIN SINGS. . . . Edited by M. J. Benardete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard Press. $1.

THESE ballads and poems of the Spanish revolution are traditional folk poetry, written to be sung in the trenches. Fifty American poets have adapted them, and even in English, which cannot, it appears, quite convey the rhyme and swing of the Spanish forms, they are very interesting. The theme is, of course, patriotic faith in the Loyalist cause. The subject matter ranges from sentimental ditties of olive groves and a peaceful life destroyed to rousing songs of hatred of the fascists; and some are very bawdy lampoons about the kind of fellows fascists really are. Several have to do with the death of one of Spain's finest modern poets, Federico Garcia Lorca, executed by the fascists in 1936.

In general, and without having seen the originals, but with some knowledge of Spanish poetry, I should say that Rolfe Humphries's several translations are the best in the book. Other poets, including Edna Millay, George Dillon, Muriel Rukeyser, Genevieve Taggard, and William Carlos Williams, have done admirable work in adapting the verse to English. If there is no very great poetry here (and there is none of very high technical skill) there is certainly the resounding song of a people, the expression of a country charged with folk fighting for their existence. The translators had to English whatever manuscript was given them, and naturally some got better material than did others. Most of these poems evidently have appeared only in popular magazines in Spain. The material was made available in this country through the efforts of the League of American Writers and the sister-organization in Spain.

EDA LOU WALTON

DANCE

Bennington Festival

IN four brief summers Bennington, Vermont, has become an American center nationally known. The Bennington College School of the Dance, with which we are here concerned, in its festival of August 12 to 14 assembled an audience from Ohio, Utah, California, and intermediate points, and will send out 160 new students and teachers this season as far west as Hawaii. From the factional quarrels with the ballet Martha Hill of New York University and Bennington College and Mary Jo Shelly of the University of Chicago have taken all the pieces that constituted the modern dance and welded them into a perceptual unity. In this process, beginning in 1934, they have made possible the creation of new dancers, new choreographers, new major works, and

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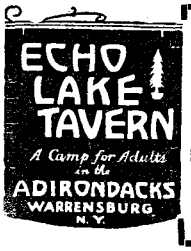

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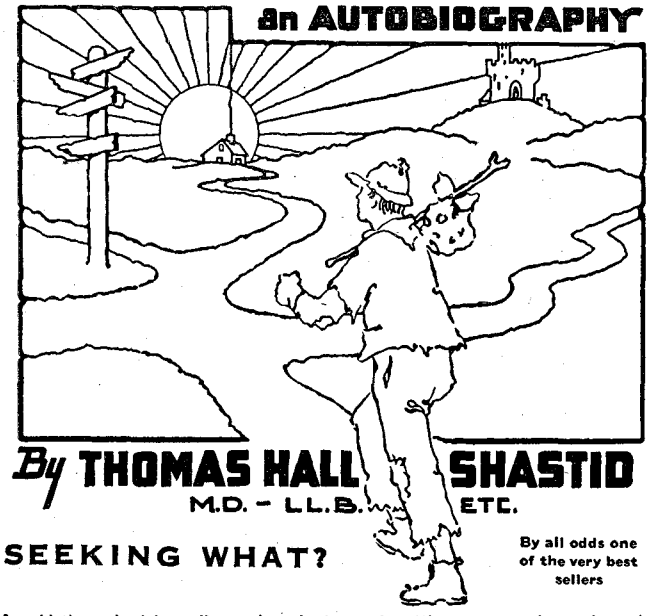

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new audiences for what was once a maligned and upstart art.

Four dancers who were and still are the most important in America were chosen to head the teaching staff. They are Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Hanya Holm, and Charles Weidman. In 1935 the Theater Workshop was added to the general program, and in 1936 a department of choreography and one in music for the dance. For the first time this season fellowships were granted to three promising young dancers, whose time was free from the restrictions of teaching and whose sole purpose was the creation of new compositions, using members of the student body and employing all the facilities available in the theater. Music was written for these works and costumes designed within the six-week period. The first three dancers so chosen were Anna Sokolow, Esther Junger, and José Limon.

The festival opened with a joint performance by the Fellows. Esther Junger presented a marriage ceremonial called Festive Rites (Mamorsky) with José Limon and group. Both she and Mr. Limon danced brilliantly, moving with grave gaiety through a composition that was built with the utmost clarity and simplicity. Even without recalling that this was Miss Junger's first attempt at group composition, it was an achievement of first rank. José Limon's Danza de la Muerte (Clark and Lloyd), composed of two sarabands separated by three solos, was inspired by the present conflict in Spain. The sarabands (for the dead and for the living) and the third solo, Ave, were particularly effective, containing many beautiful passages of restrained movement that colored the contrasting moods of acceptance and defiance. Anna Sokolow depicted the absolutes decreed by a dictatorship in her Façade—Esposizione Italiana (North). The group, decadent in costume and movement, formed a moving tableau, full of biting comment and dissolute madness. Against this façade Miss Sokolow passed as a somber figure of annunciation. Motion was reduced to a minimum, yet she was able to dominate the entire dance magnificently by the sheer force of her personality.

Hanya Holm's presentation of the Workshop production, Trend, on the following two nights concluded the festival. This was Miss Holm's first concert appearance in the East and was received with thunderous applause. The theme here was of large dimensions, picturing "the progress of man's survival when the usages of living have lost their meaning and he has fallen into routine patterns of conformity." The work as a whole was somewhat incomplete, lacking the definitive period to the beginning Resurgence, but there was no lack of breath-taking passages of movement. Of the several sections, Episodes was the most integrated and cruelly biting.

When further tightened and integrated it should be able to sustain the excitement it arouses only in sections now. Miss Holm made excellent use of the platforms and steps, and gave a breathing quality to the stage space by her expert shuttling of line-units within the group: individual against group, two against three, four against four, in a continual forming and dissolving. It established Miss Holm as a choreographer on the high plane she has occupied as a teacher. The music was by Wallingford Riegger, except for the last section, which used Varese's Ionization, which was almost too overpowering for the size of the auditorium.

Both concerts are a brilliant finale to the four years. They push the modern dance many years ahead of where it might have been without Bennington, acquaint one with three more than promising new choreographers, and leave one with the hope that other Fellows may be afforded this testing ground.

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